

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



20¢
©

94
DEC
02459

DAREDEVIL® AND THE BLACK WIDOW™



I AM
BACK, AGAIN--
BIGGER--
STRONGER--
THAN EVER!

AND
THIS TIME
NOTHING
CAN STOP
ME!

RE-ENTER--THE
INDESTRUCTIBLE
MAN!

HE COULD CRUSH THE WORLD!

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™





AND I **WILL**
CRUSH IT, MISTER
FRENCH--

--TRULY FREE FROM
THE TERRORS OF THEIR
PETTY WARFARE!

FOR ONLY BY REDUCING
HUMANITY TO THE LEVEL
OF CRINGING **SLAVES**
MAY I FIND MYSELF
TRULY SAFE--

AND I
SHALL BEGIN
THAT
SUBJUGATION--



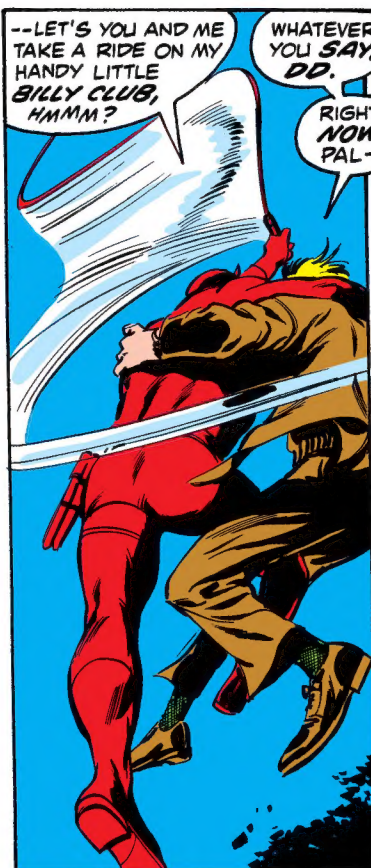
--WITH
YOU!
BAW HUMP!

TIME TO
MOVE,
DANNY.

OUR FORMER
HOST'S BECOMING
SLIGHTLY
UNFRIENDLY--



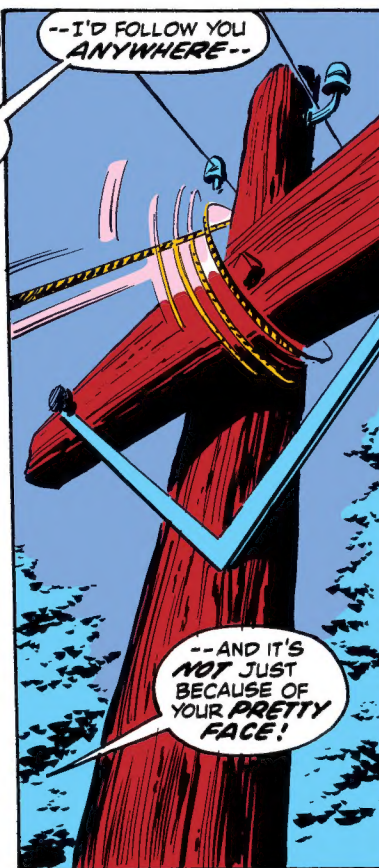
--AND SINCE
I'VE NEVER BEEN
THE SORT OF GUY
TO OVERSTAY A
WELCOME--



--LET'S YOU AND ME
TAKE A RIDE ON MY
HANDY LITTLE
BILLY CLUB,
HMMM?

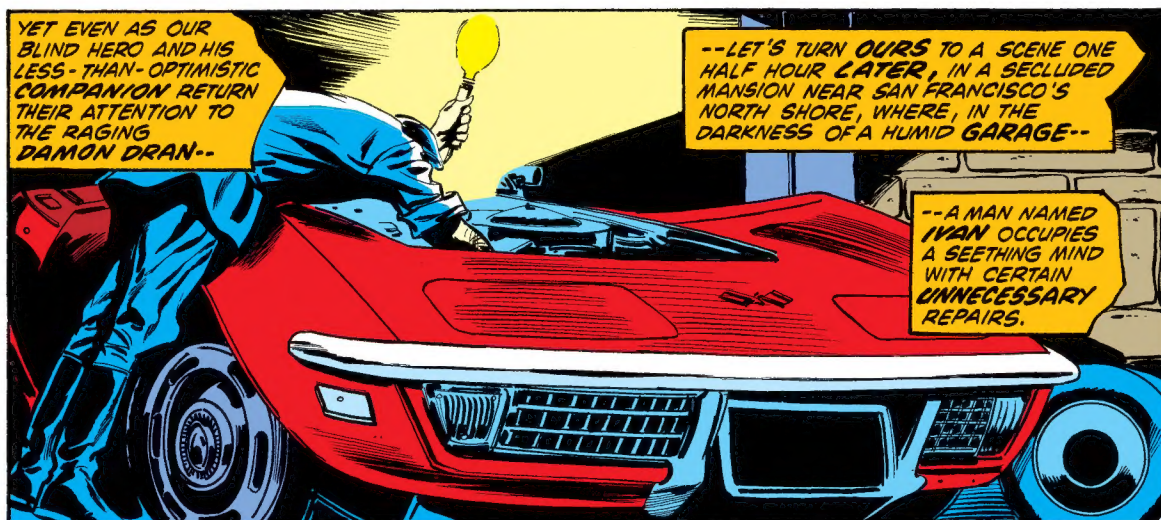
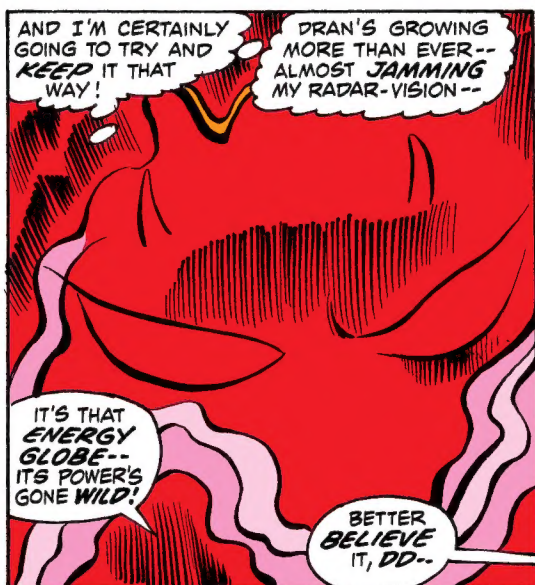
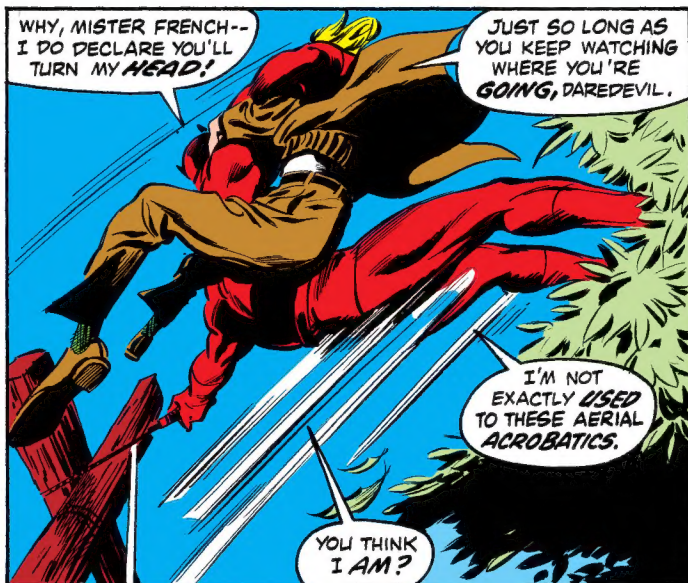
WHATEVER
YOU SAY,
DD.

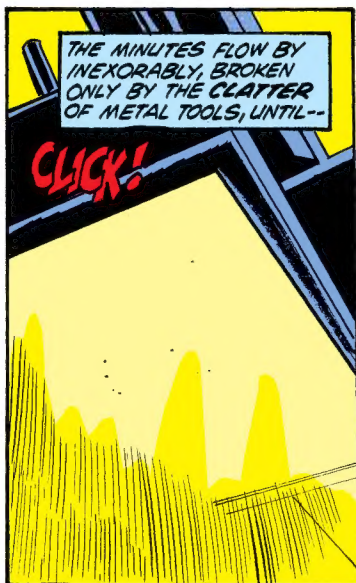
RIGHT
NOW,
PAL--



--I'D FOLLOW YOU
ANYWHERE--

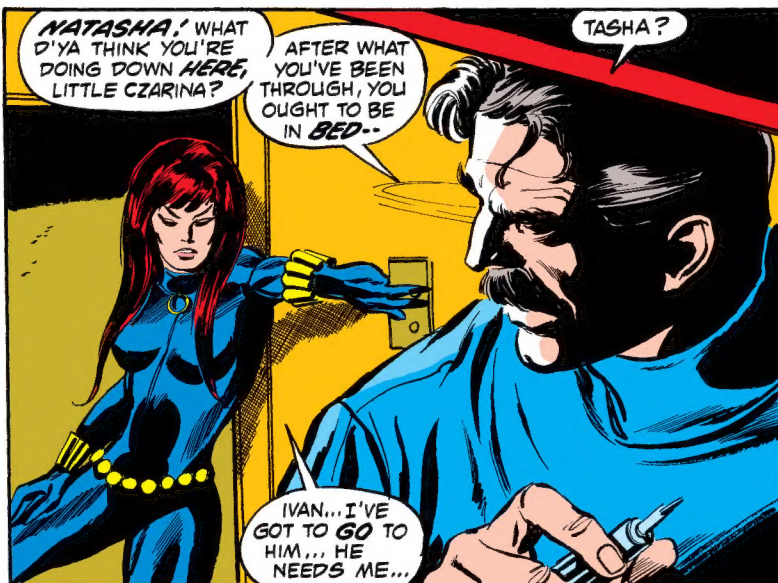
--AND IT'S
NOT JUST
BECAUSE OF
YOUR **PRETTY**
FACE!





THE MINUTES FLOW BY
INEXORABLY, BROKEN
ONLY BY THE CLATTER
OF METAL TOOLS, UNTIL--

CLICK!

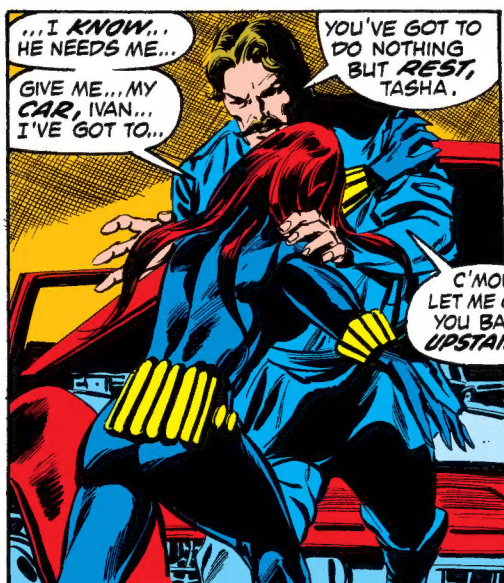


NATASHA: 'WHAT
D'YA THINK YOU'RE
DOING DOWN **HERE**,
LITTLE CZARINA?

AFTER WHAT
YOU'VE BEEN
THROUGH, YOU
OUGHT TO BE
IN **BED**--

TASHA?

IVAN... I'VE
GOT TO GO TO
HIM... HE
NEEDS ME...



...I **KNOW**...
HE NEEDS ME...

GIVE ME... MY
CAR, IVAN...
I'VE GOT TO...

YOU'VE GOT TO
DO NOTHING
BUT **REST**,
TASHA.

C'MON,
LET ME GET
YOU BACK
UPSTAIRS.



NO, IVAN, I'M...
ALL RIGHT, NOW.

YOU **MUST**
LET ME-- THAT
SOUND--

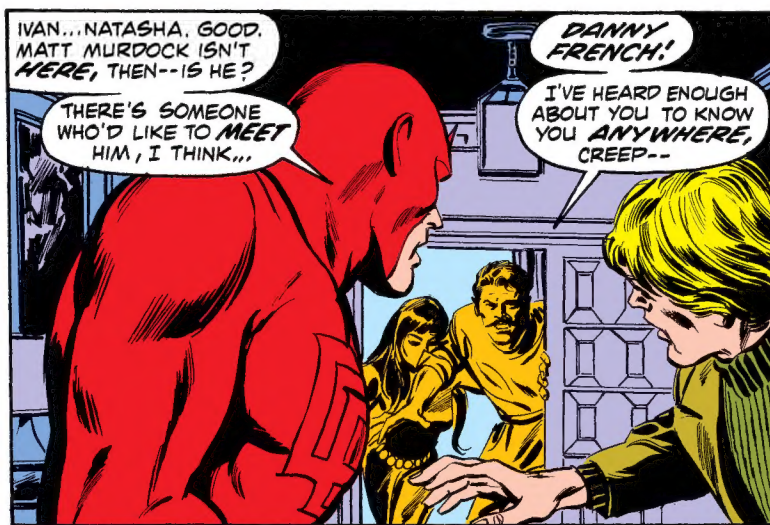
SOMEBODY'S IN THE
LIVING ROOM.

BUMP! THUMP!

MAYBE WE'D
BETTER **POSTPONE**
THIS DISCUSSION
FOR **LATER**,
SISTER--



-- 'CAUSE I'VE GOT A
FEELIN' YOUR **BLASTED**
HERO'S ALREADY **HOME**.

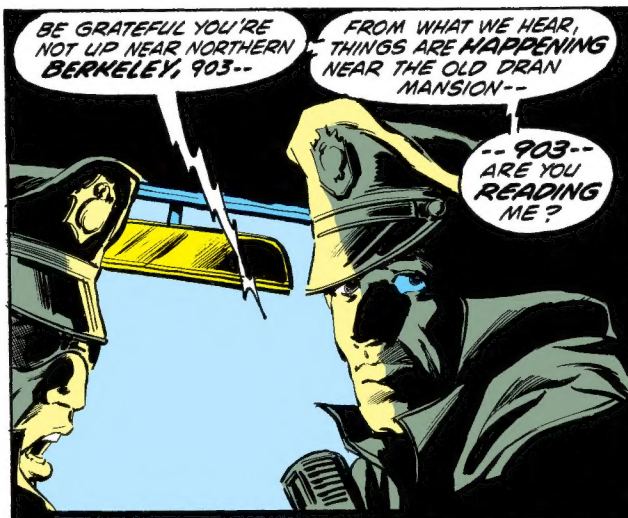


IVAN... NATASHA. GOOD.
MATT MURDOCK ISN'T
HERE, THEN-- IS HE?

THERE'S SOMEONE
WHO'D LIKE TO **MEET**
HIM, I THINK...

**DANNY
FRENCH!**

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH
ABOUT YOU TO KNOW
YOU **ANYWHERE**,
CREEP--



NO, SERGEANT, THEY
AREN'T READING YOU.

THEIR THOUGHTS ARE SOMEWHAT
DISTRACTED, AT THE MOMENT--
OCCUPIED WITH SHOCKED
AMAZEMENT AT THE SCENE
FORMING BUT A HUNDRED YARDS
BEHIND THEIR PARKED PATROL
CAR--

-- A SCENE OUT
OF SOME MAD-
MAN'S CONCEPTION
OF HELL--



-- A VISION WHICH MAKES
ONE MAN CRY OUT IN
HELPLESS CONSTERNATION--

-- AND THE OTHER REMAIN
WORDLESS-- FROZEN WITH
FEAR!



THEN, SUDDENLY,
THEIR REFLEXES
TAKE COMMAND--

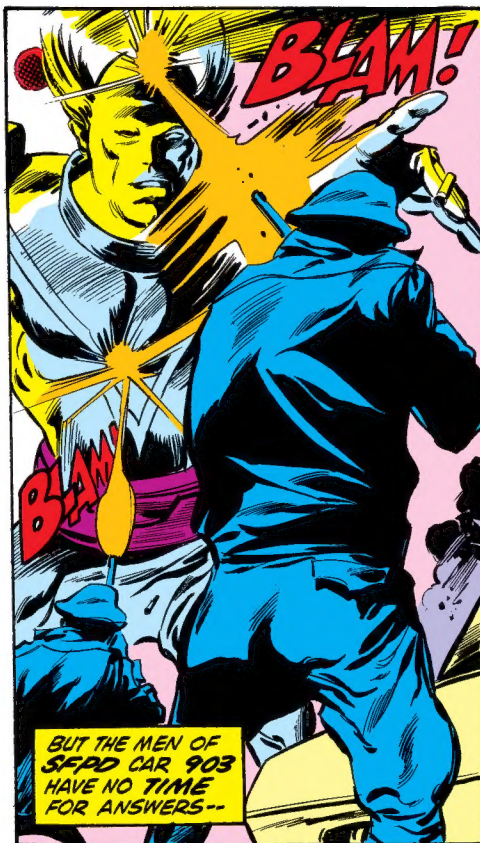
ALL REMAINING
HESITATION
DISSOLVED, AND
THEY LEAP INTO
SILENT ACTION--



--UNTHINKING
ACTION, AS IT TURNS
OUT, WITH CERTAIN
LESS-THAN-NOBLE
EFFECTS.

903...
903...BLAST
IT, ARE YOU
RECEIVING
ME?

ANSWER
ME, 903!
ANSWER
ME!



BLAM!

BUT THE MEN OF
SEPD CAR 903
HAVE NO TIME
FOR ANSWERS--



BARAAMM!

--THEY HAVE TIME ONLY TO
FIGHT--AS BEST THEY CAN--

--AND TO WONDER--WHAT
INSANITY HAVE THEY
STUMBLER INTO?

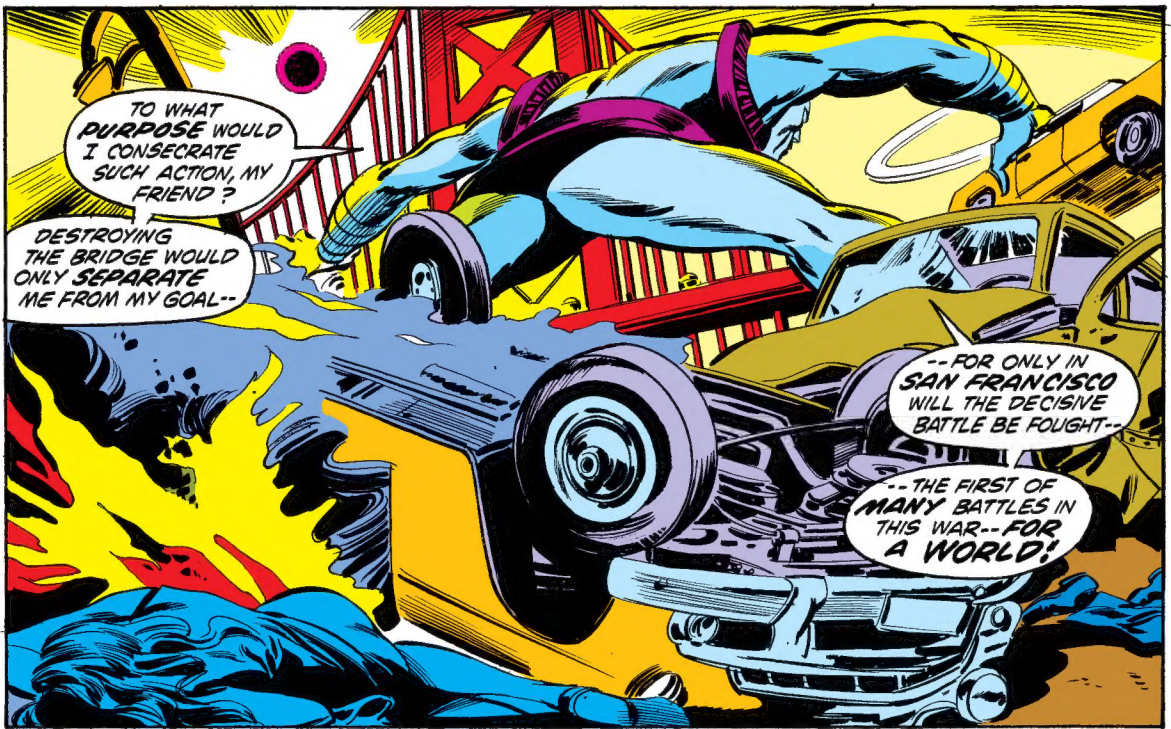


GREG--KEEP
THAT HEAD DOWN,
MAN!

WHATEVER
THAT BLASTED THING
IS--IT'S GOT SOME
SORT OF ENERGY-
WEAPON--

--AN' IT'S
POWERFUL
ENOUGH TO
DESTROY THE
ENTIRE OAK-
LAND BAY
BRIDGE!

STAY LOW,
MISTER--STAY
LOW!



TO WHAT
PURPOSE WOULD
I CONSECRATE
SUCH ACTION, MY
FRIEND?

DESTROYING
THE BRIDGE WOULD
ONLY *SEPARATE*
ME FROM MY GOAL--

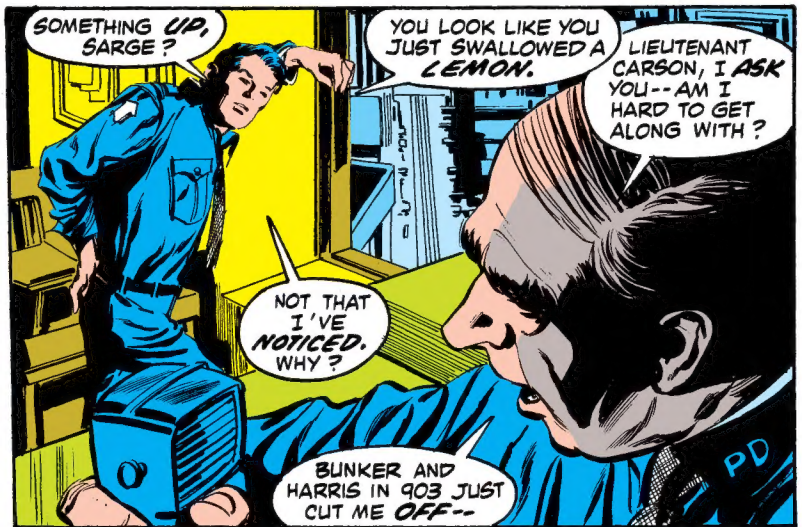
--FOR ONLY IN
SAN FRANCISCO
WILL THE DECISIVE
BATTLE BE FOUGHT--

--THE FIRST OF
MANY BATTLES IN
THIS WAR--FOR
A WORLD!



YOU WERE SAYIN'
SOMETHIN' ABOUT
PULL, GREG?

DON'T *REMINDE*
ME, FRED... PLEASE,
JUST DON'T
REMINDE ME.



SOMETHING *UP*,
SARGE?

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU
JUST SWALLOWED A
LEMON.

LIEUTENANT
CARSON, I *ASK*
YOU--AM I
HARD TO GET
ALONG WITH?

NOT THAT
I'VE
NOTICED.
WHY?

BUNKER AND
HARRIS IN 903 JUST
CUT ME *OFF*--



AND I'M THINKING:
MAYBE I SAID
SOMETHING TO MAKE
THEM *ANGRY*--

I *DOUBT* IT,
SARGE.

IT'S PROBABLY
JUST A *MALFUNCTION*
OF SOME SORT--EH?



SAY, SARGE...
WHERE IS 903
LOCATED
ANYWAY?

IN *OAKLAND*,
LIEUTENANT.
YOU KNOW THAT,

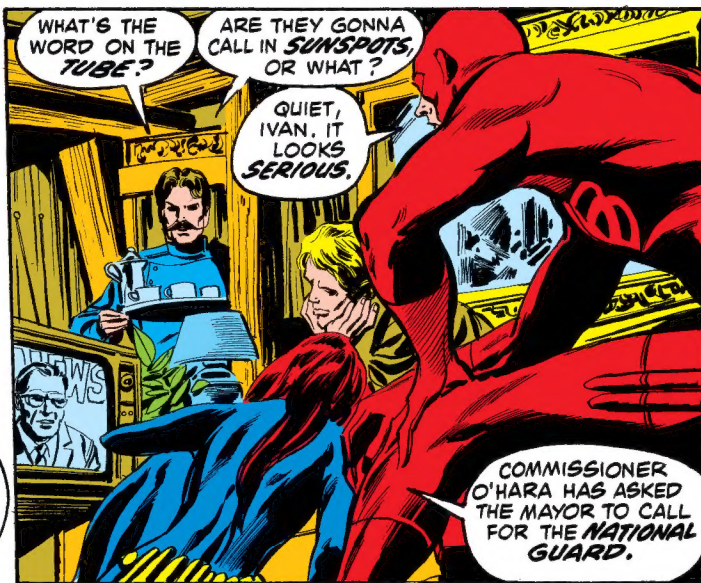


HM-MM.

TAKE A GLANCE
TOWARD THE **BRIDGE**,
SARGE.

UNLESS THE SUN'S
SETTING IN THE
EAST TONIGHT--

I THINK THE
COMMISSIONER'S
GOING TO HEAR
ABOUT SOME
TROUBLE IN
THE BAY!



WHAT'S THE
WORD ON THE
TUBE?

ARE THEY GONNA
CALL IN **SUNSPOTS**,
OR WHAT?

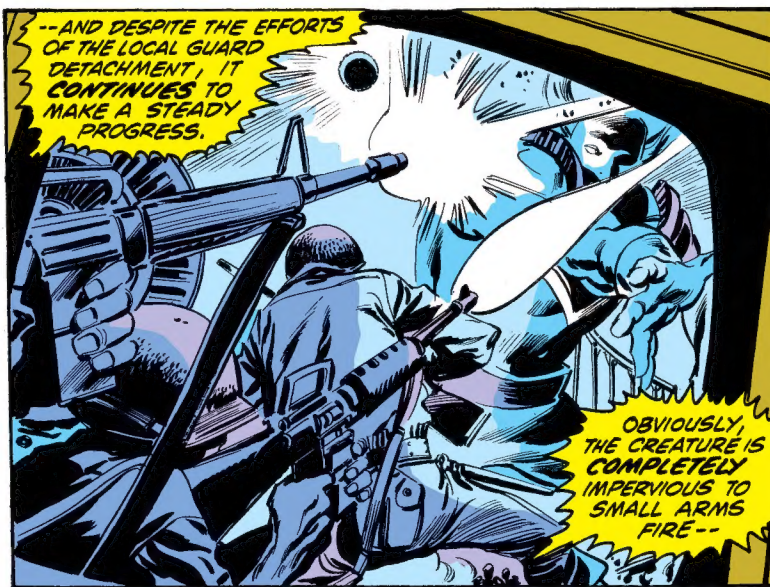
QUIET,
IVAN. IT
LOOKS
SERIOUS.

COMMISSIONER
O'HARA HAS ASKED
THE MAYOR TO CALL
FOR THE **NATIONAL
GUARD**.



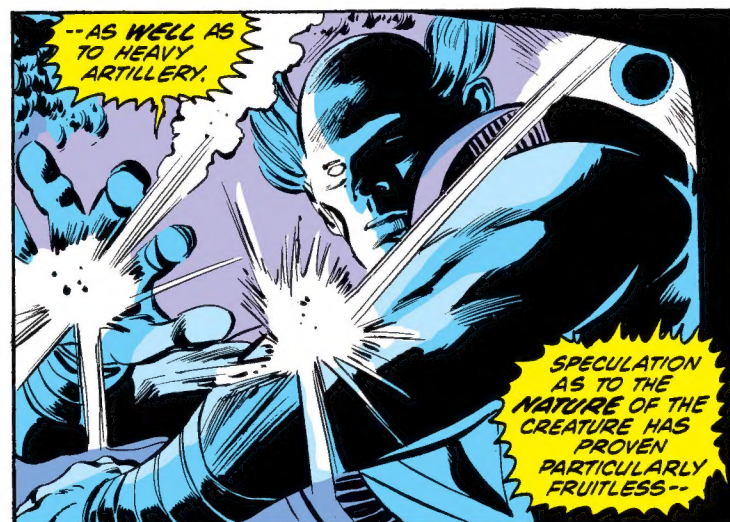
-- TO NO
APPARENT
EFFECT--

IN THE PAST
HOUR, THE
CREATURE HAS
PASSED
THE **MIDPOINT**
OF THE BAY
BRIDGE--



-- AND DESPITE THE EFFORTS
OF THE LOCAL GUARD
DETACHMENT, IT
CONTINUES TO
MAKE A STEADY
PROGRESS.

OBVIOUSLY,
THE CREATURE IS
COMPLETELY
IMPERVIOUS TO
SMALL ARMS
FIRE--



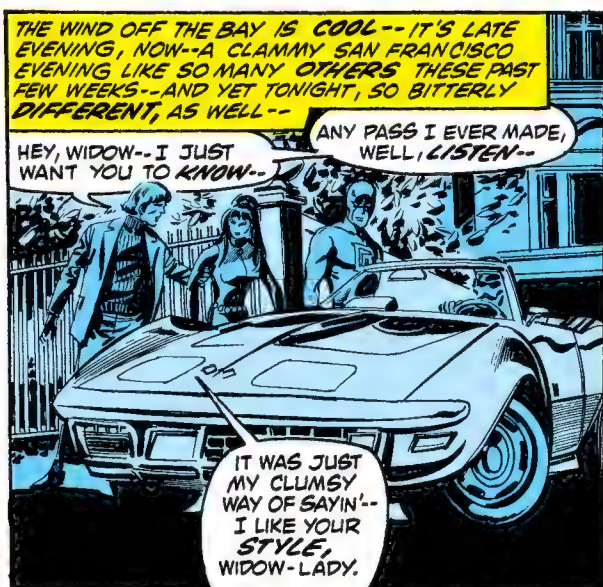
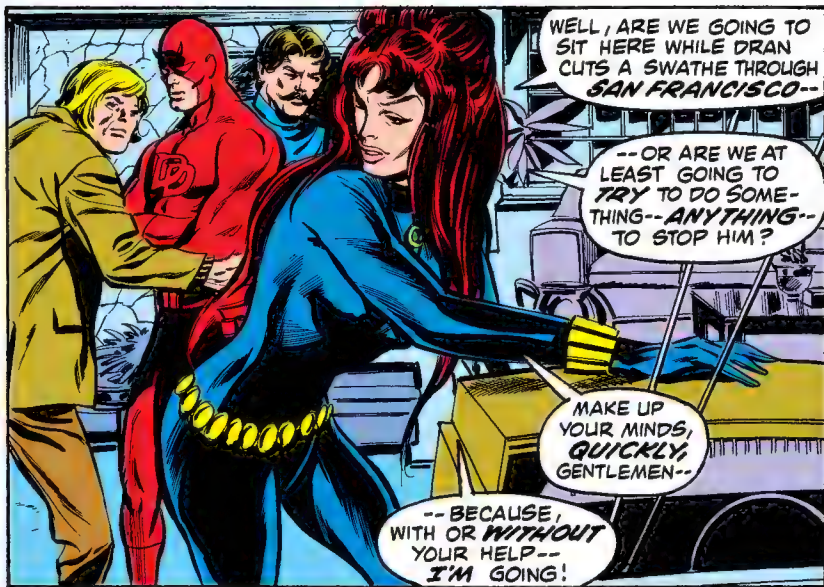
-- AS WELL AS
TO HEAVY
ARTILLERY.

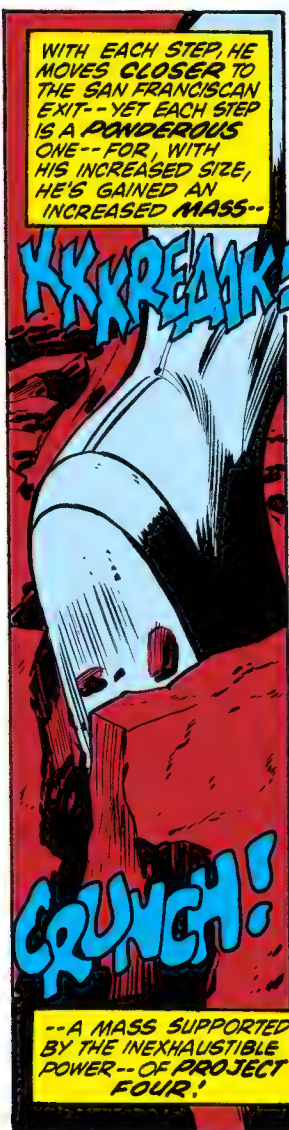
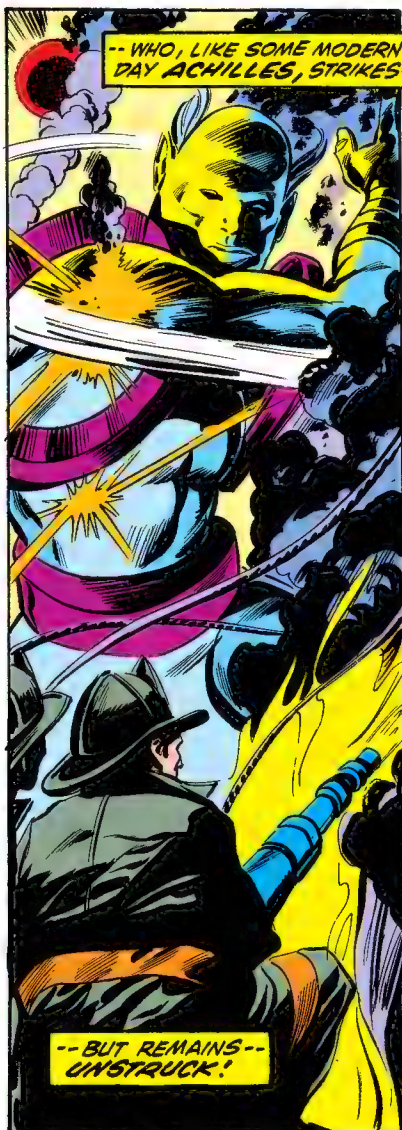
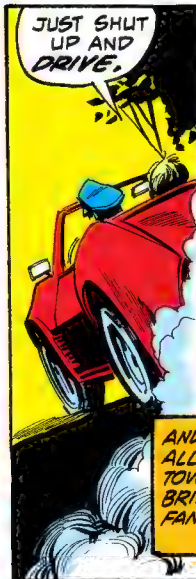
SPECULATION
AS TO THE
NATURE OF THE
CREATURE HAS
PROVEN
PARTICULARLY
FRUITLESS--

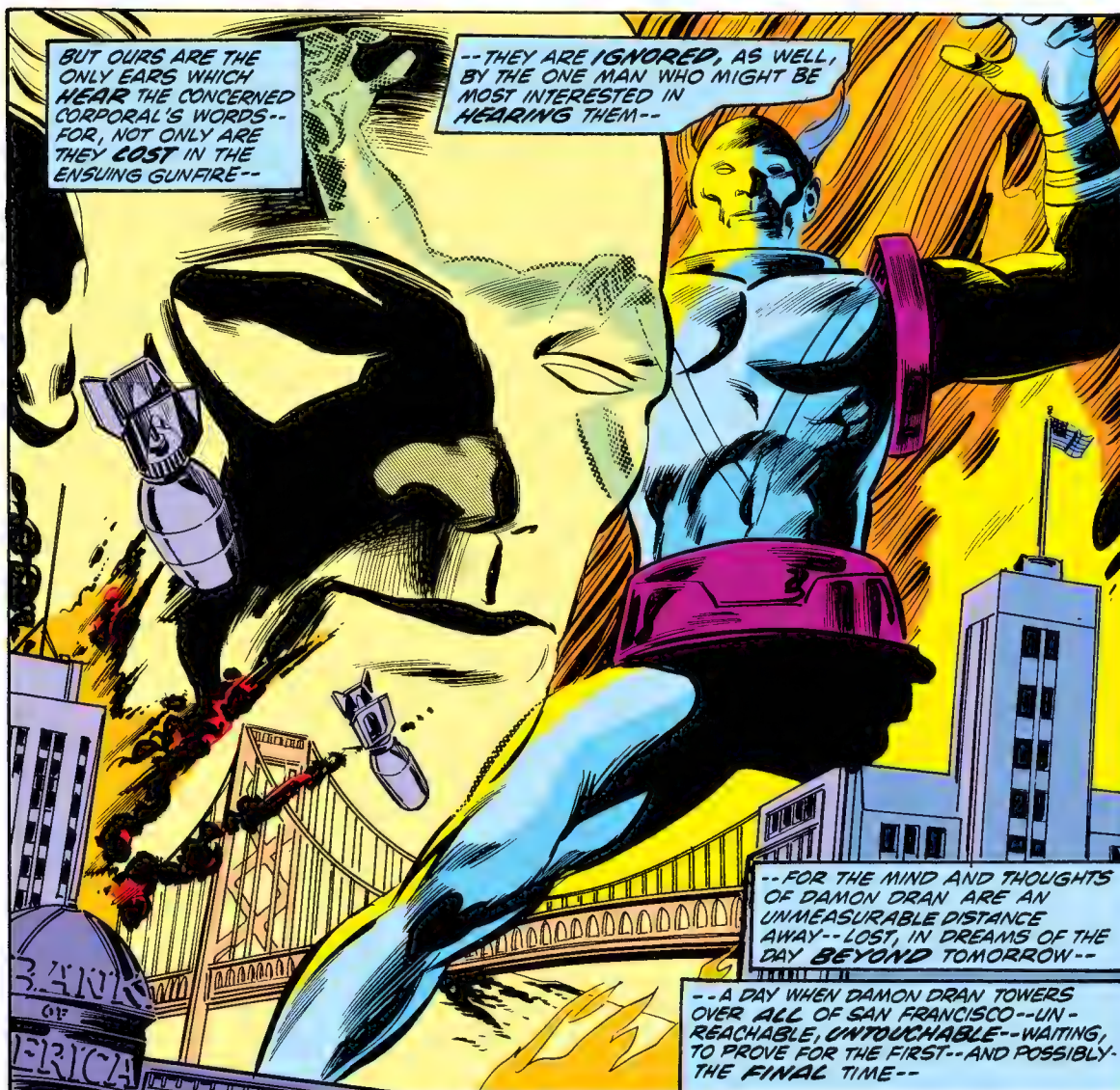


-- ALTHOUGH A CONNECTION
HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED
BETWEEN THIS
APPARITION--

-- AND THE
EXPLOSIONS AT
THE HOME OF
MULTI-BILLION
DOLLAR MUNITIONS
ENTREPRENEUR,
DAMON DRAN.





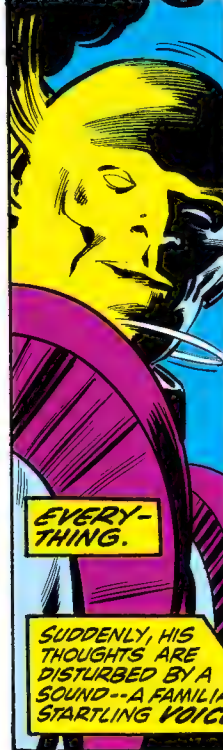




--NOTHING CAN STOP--
THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN!

FROM THIS THOUGHT, HIS
MIND LEAPS TO OTHER
THINGS-- TO THE POWER
THAT SOON WILL BE HIS--
CONTROL HE'S ALWAYS
CRAVED, BUT WHICH
NEVER SEEMED POSSIBLE
BEFORE--

--AND NOW EVERYTHING
IS POSSIBLE--



EVERY-
THING.

SUDDENLY, HIS
THOUGHTS ARE
DISTURBED BY A
SOUND--A FAMILIAR,
STARTLING VOICE--



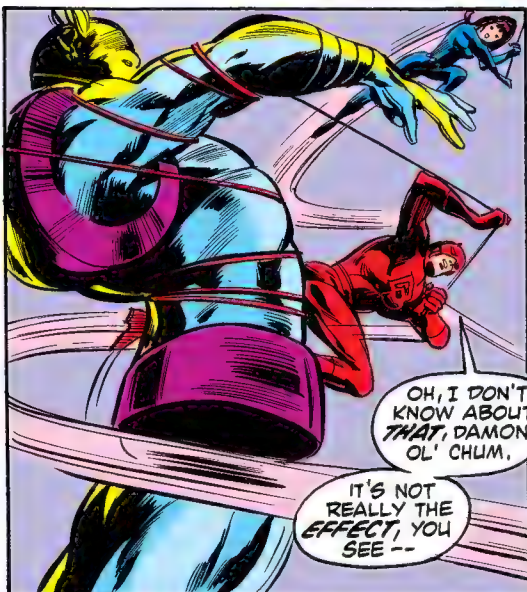
HEADS UP, MR.
DRAN--WE'VE
A SCORE TO
SETTLE--

--AND I
THINK I'LL
START--

--WITH A
BLAST FROM
MY WIDOW'S
STING!

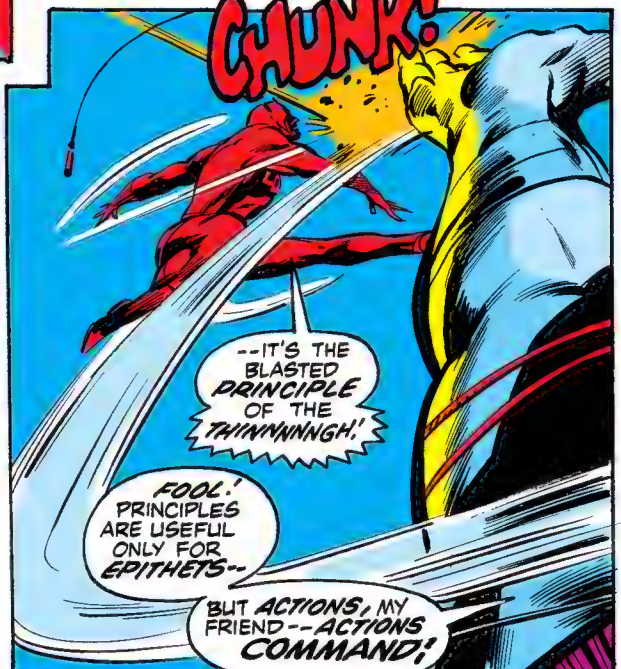
A FUTILE
GESTURE,
AT BEST.

--ONE
YOU'LL SOON
REGRET,
MY DEAR!



OH, I DON'T
KNOW ABOUT
THAT, DAMON
OL' CHUM.

IT'S NOT
REALLY THE
EFFECT, YOU
SEE --

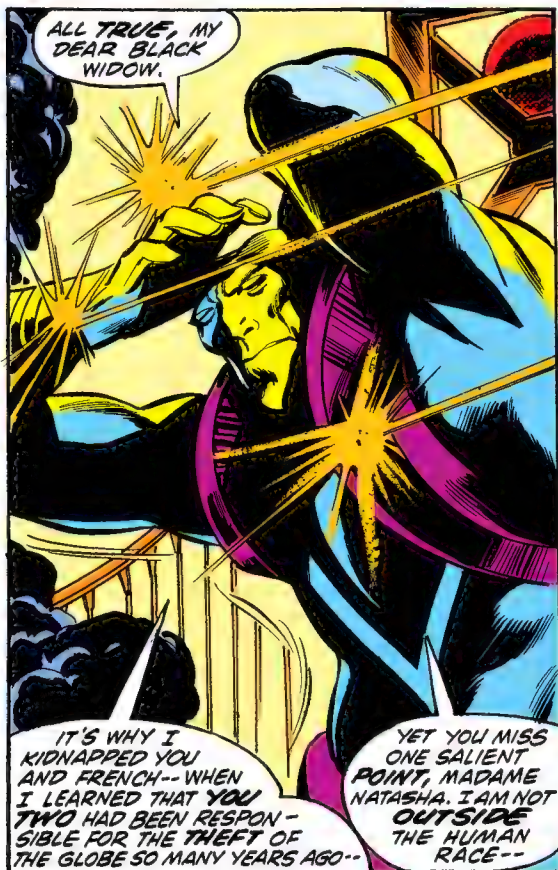
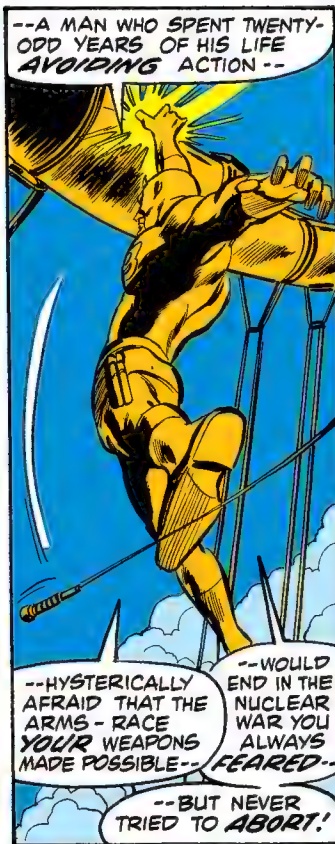
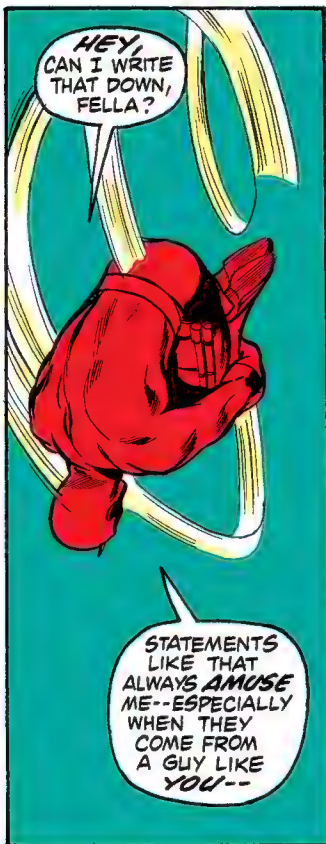


CHUNK!

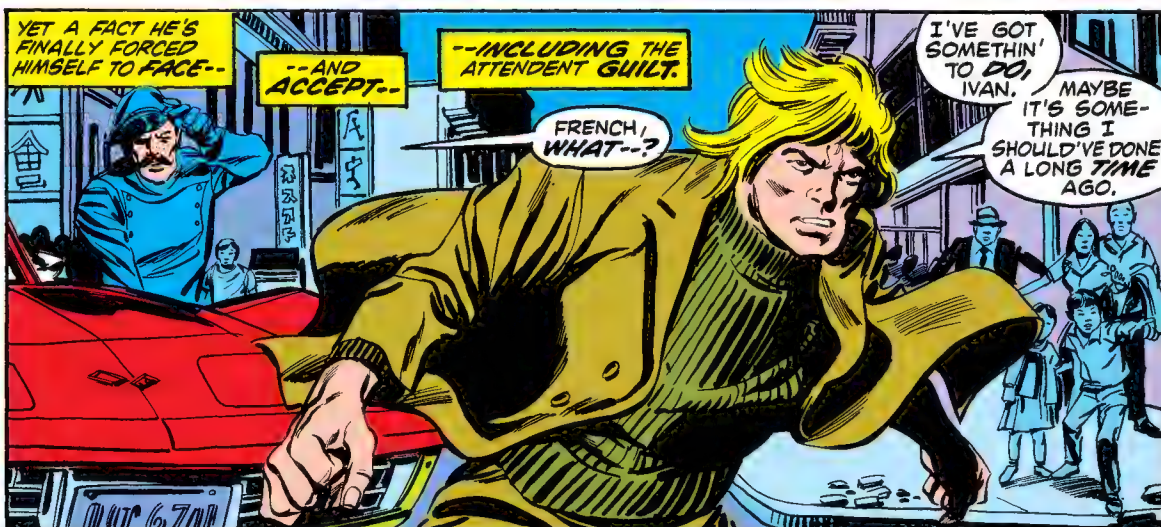
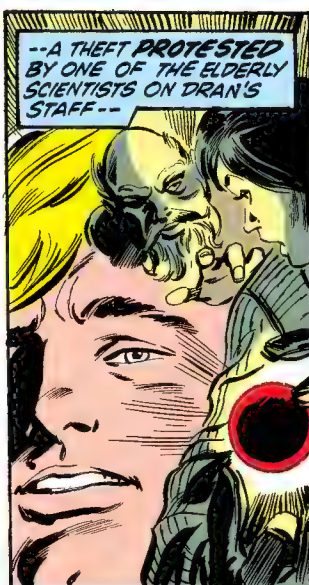
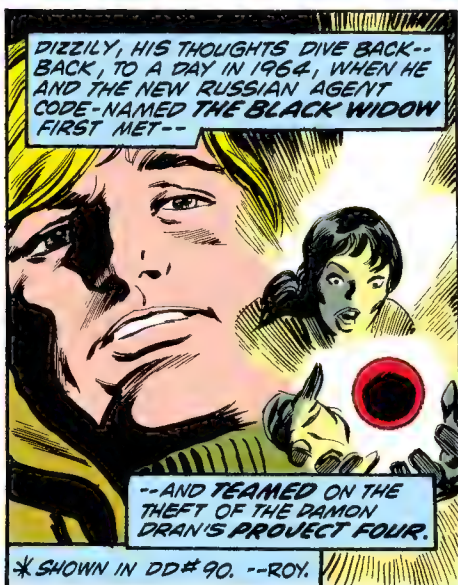
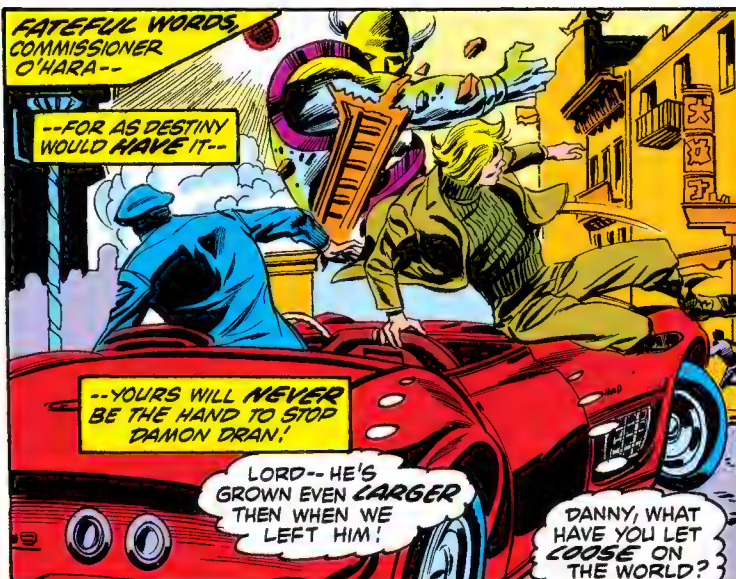
--IT'S THE
BLASTED
PRINCIPLE
OF THE
THINNNGH!

FOOL!
PRINCIPLES
ARE USEFUL
ONLY FOR
EPITHETS--

BUT ACTIONS, MY
FRIEND-- ACTIONS
COMMAND!









I'VE HAD QUITE A FEW INTERESTING JOBS IN MY LIFE --

FREE-LANCE SPY-- A BLACKMAILING DETECTIVE-- AND ONCE OR TWICE, FOR KICKS, SOMETHING HONEST.

AND YOU KNOW SOMETHING, IVAN?

I'D CHUCK IT ALL FOR A FEW FRIENDLY LAUGHS-- JUST TO KNOW I'VE TOUCHED SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE.

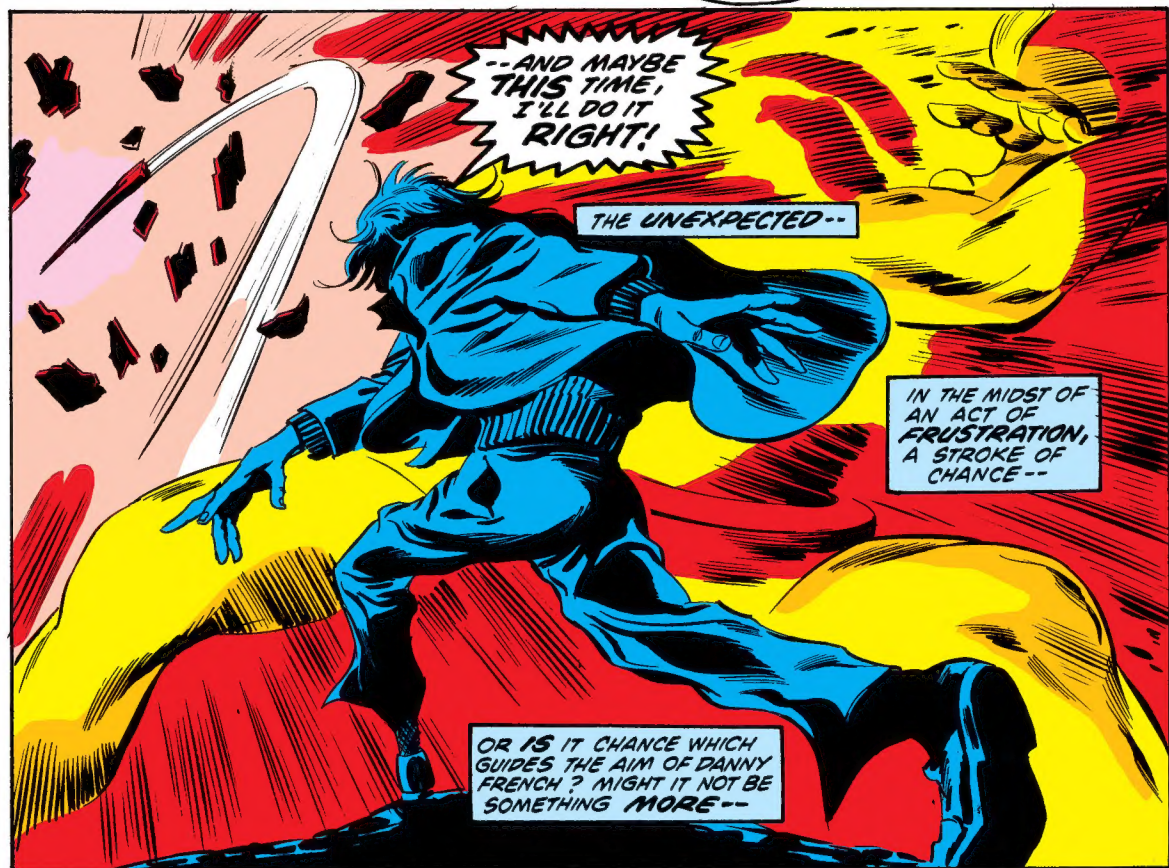


YEAH, I UNDERSTAND THAT, NOW.

TOO BAD IT'S COME SO LATE. I'D NEVER GAIN THE NECESSARY TRUST...

...IN MYSELF... IN ME, DANNY FRENCH, BOY-IDEALIST-TURNED-BAD.

GUESS IT'S TIME FOR A GESTURE--

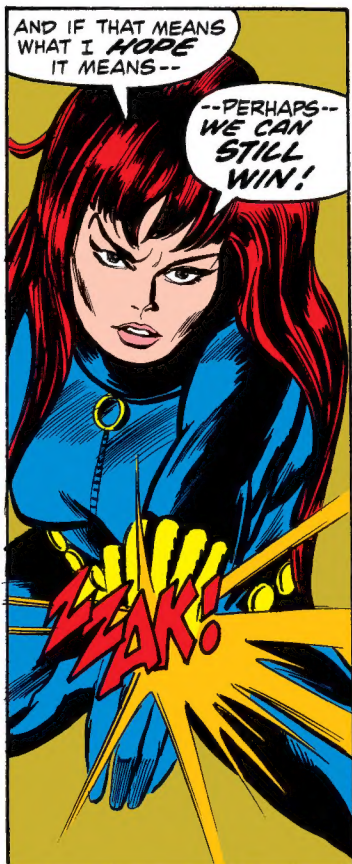
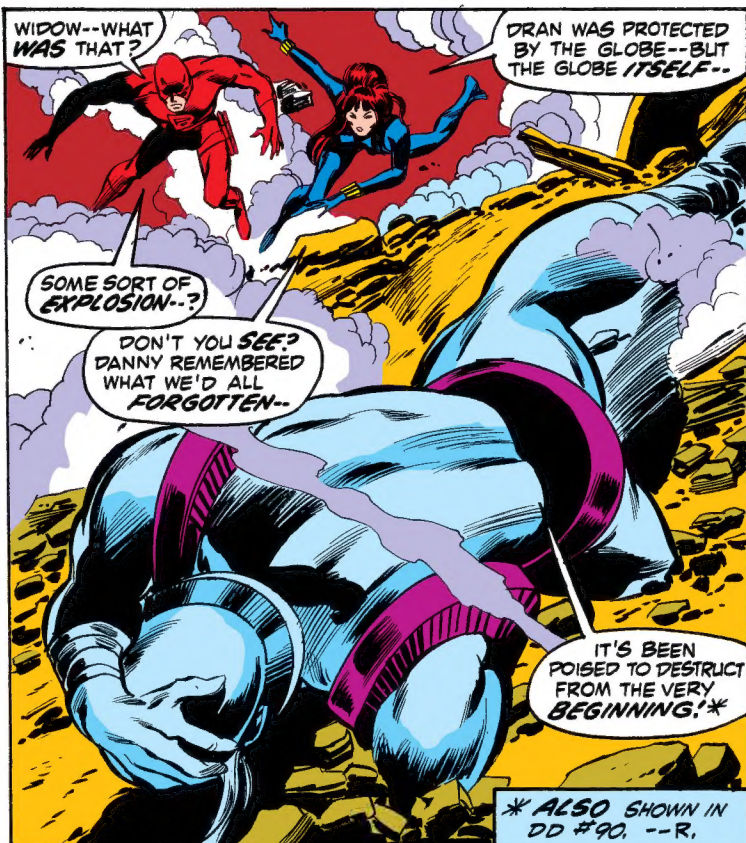


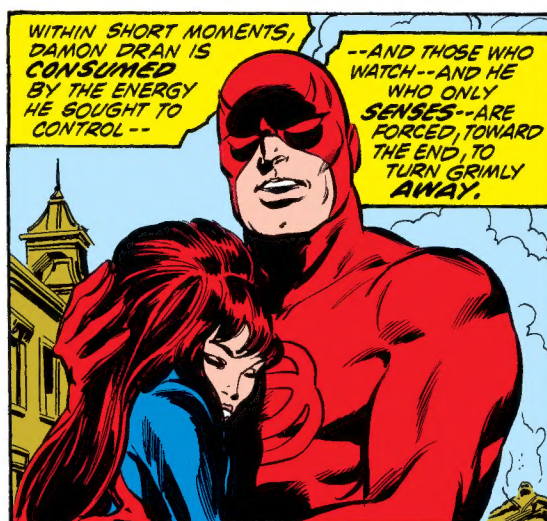
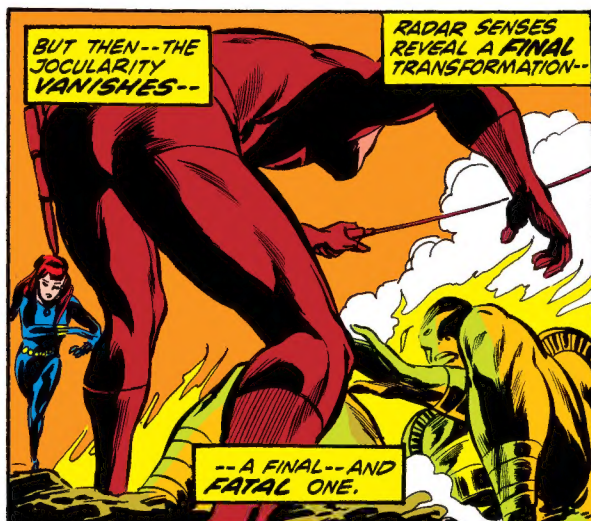
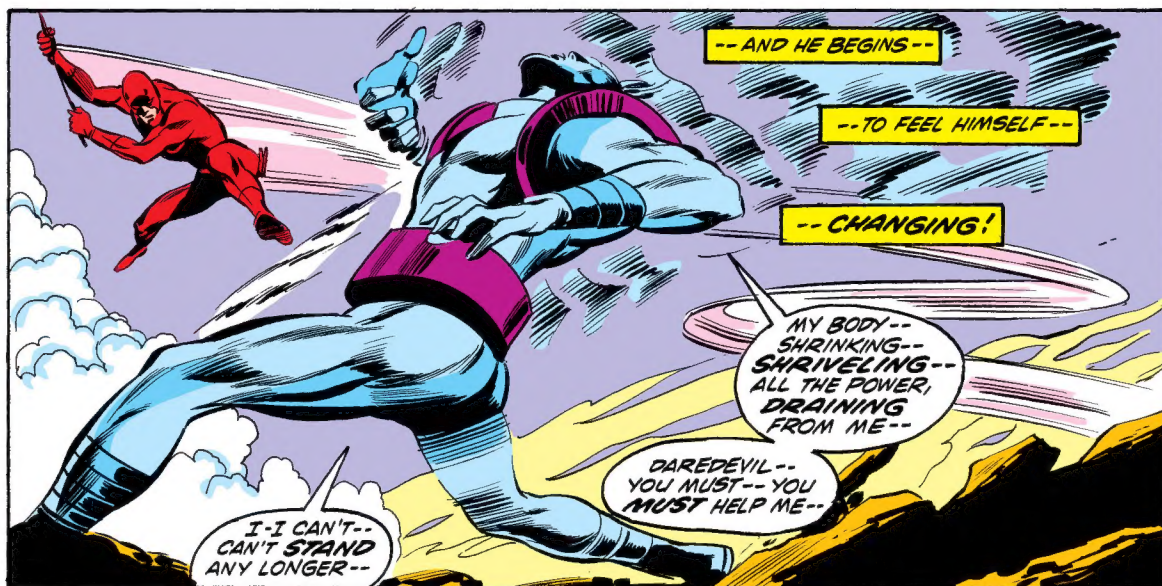
--AND MAYBE THIS TIME, I'LL DO IT RIGHT!

THE UNEXPECTED--

IN THE MIDST OF AN ACT OF FRUSTRATION, A STROKE OF CHANCE--

OR IS IT CHANCE WHICH GUIDES THE AIM OF DANNY FRENCH? MIGHT IT NOT BE SOMETHING MORE--







MATT... TASHA...
YOU BETTER COME
QUICKLY.

...TO BOTH
OF YOU.

DANNY?
OH, NO--
NO!

FRENCH HAS
HAD IT... AND I THINK
HE NEEDS TO
SPEAK T'YA...

LOOKS
LIKE I GOT
MY *FINGERS*
BURNED,
WIDOW-LADY!

THAT'LL TEACH
ME TO PLAY
WITH *FIRE*.



OH, DANNY...
DANNY, I'M SO
SORRY.

THE WAY THINGS
HAVE ALWAYS *BEEN*
BETWEEN US --

--EXACTLY AS
I *WANTED*
THEM, KID. I
GUESS I
COULDN'T
HANDLE
YOU, THAT
DAY WE
FIRST MET--

GUESS IT'S LIKE
EVERYTHING--

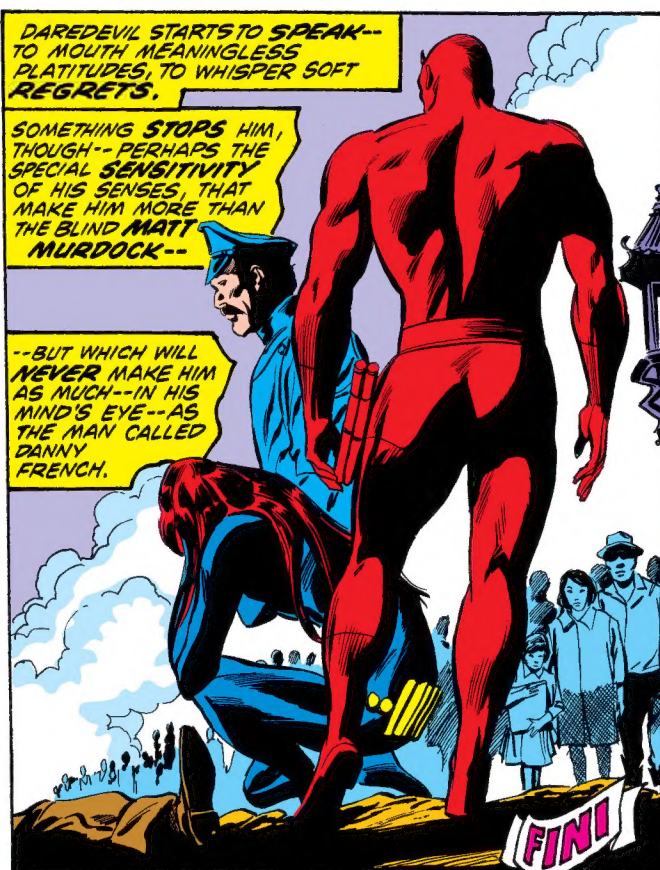


YOU NEVER
KNOW WHAT
YOU *REALLY*
WANT--

--UNTIL IT'S
JUST A *LITTLE*
BIT--

--TOO
LATE--

DANNY!



DAREDEVIL STARTS TO *SPEAK*--
TO MOUTH MEANINGLESS
PLATITUDES, TO WHISPER SOFT
REGRETS.

SOMETHING *STOPS* HIM,
THOUGH-- PERHAPS THE
SPECIAL *SENSITIVITY*
OF HIS SENSES, THAT
MAKE HIM MORE THAN
THE BLIND *MATT*
MURDOCK--

--BUT WHICH WILL
NEVER MAKE HIM
AS MUCH-- IN HIS
MIND'S EYE-- AS
THE MAN CALLED
DANNY
FRENCH.

FINI